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ENTRERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

# Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 20, 1886.

That saving faith in a Jewish believer was identical in its operation with that of a Christian, is strikingly manifest in this song of David—"The Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in Him and I am helped; therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise Him." Here we have David's conception of the Divine Being as his strength and his shield, then his trust, his conscious relief, his consequent joy, and his words of praise. The Christian has a wider knowledge of God's infinite love seen in the gift of His Son as the propitiation, not for a favored nation or a select number, but for "the whole world." Seeing that such a propitiation must include himself, the Christian suppliant "trusts in Him and is helped." And this is saving faith—simply trusting in Christ and being helped. The trust and the help are inseparable, since whoever can truly say, "I trusted in Him," is sure of the experience expressed in the words, "I am helped." Blessed be the God of universal love! Let the shrinking penitent trust Him without fear.

When Monsieur de Harlay, archbishop of Paris, died, the orator appointed to preach his funeral sermon "only found two embarrassing points—his life, and his death!" And when the unscrupulous orator overcame these embarrassing points and wrote an oration to every point of which the archbishop's life had been a palpable contradiction, the orator's superiors in office forbade him to deliver it. They recognized a fact which every preacher of funeral sermons should keep in mind, to wit, that no oratorical flattery over a man's dead body can wipe out the bad deeds of his life, neither can it blot from the public mind the recollection of the wrongs which the departed man had put into his life. This fact further suggests that he who desires to be justly praised and remembered with respect by the public after he dies, must put nothing but honorable and righteous acts into his life. A good life never embarrasses the preacher of a funeral sermon.

The malefactor who repented on the cross was a guilty thief at nine o'clock in the morning, and a purified soul in Paradise before the close of the afternoon. In view of that astounding experience of marvelous mercy in the dying hour, had men, when conscience-smitten, silence their fears by thinking that they, too, will repent when their last hour begins to strike. Art thou such a man, O reader? Bethink thee, then, that the dying thief believed in Christ when every other human soul, even the Master's disciples, doubted. His was a wonderful faith. But thou canst not even imitate it unless when thou comest to die all men shall have ceased to be believers. This cannot be. Thou canst never be in circumstances like unto his, and therefore canst not have like exceptional faith. But bethink thee again. Is there not something inexpressibly mean and horribly wicked in thy purpose to sin against God's love so long as He gives thee the ability to do it, and then, when thou canst no longer taste the pleasures of sin, to offer Him the fragment of thy spoiled life? Art thou not ashamed, therefore, of thine own thought? And wilt it not so torment thee in thy dying hour, as to paralyze thy powers and make repentance impossible?

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him," yet none in the busy crowds among whom they move in the noisy street, know what is passing in their hearts. An American citizen in a foreign city, seeing the meteor flash of his native land floating at the mast-head of a ship, is inwardly moved, by the associations it revives, to patriotic feelings, to emotions of love, to fond anticipations of his return to the joys and repose of his fireside. But of his secret thoughts the people about him know nothing. To them the flag of his country is but as one flag among many others. They meddle not with the secret joys it kindles within his swelling breast. It is even so with the secret of the Lord in a good man's breast. He walks the street like other men. Yet while their thoughts are of things visi-

ble and earthly, his are of God and things unseen. He sees God in everything about him. God is communing with him, feasting him on holy thoughts, quickening his spiritual aspirations, comforting him with assurances of his sonship, and with visions of his incorruptible inheritance. Happy, therefore, and safe also, is he who possesses the secret of the Lord's presence! But inasmuch as this priceless secret is offered as a free gift to all men, is it not more than folly for any man to slight that gracious offer? Busy searching for a grain of sand, such an one rejects the proffer of an imperishable crown.

To the man largely gifted with executive ability the demands of his business and the duties thrust upon him by the church or by society, often strain his powers to their utmost degree of endurance. His life becomes a whirligig in which he is spun round and round until his soul is sick with a painful weariness that often wrings from him a cry like that which escaped the lips of Coleridge when he wrote this significant line,—

"Oh! for a sleep for sleep itself to rest in!"

His rest is unresting, his sleep is little better than a wakeful dream. A sure sign that, his nature is overtasked, that he has overstepped the limitations of duty, and that he is sapping the sources of his vitality, and that he has reached a point at which he ought to pause to reflect, and to resolutely ask himself, "Why do I overburden myself thus? What is my motive? Is not a secret selfish animus the mainspring of my excessive activity?" Should his honest answer to this last question be in the affirmative, fidelity to himself, to his family, to the church, and to God will lead him to lay aside that measure of his business, and those obligations he has assumed in church or State which constitute that excess in his burden which is the cause of his unrest. Why should he die before his time? Assuredly God requires no man to overtask his strength.

## THE CHINESE QUESTION.

The discussion of the problem of the Chinese emigration, at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, on Monday, Jan. 11, was particularly interesting from the relation which the speakers themselves held to it. Dr. Baldwin has been for many years a missionary in China, and Rev. Mr. Ponge a resident for ten years in San Francisco and the editor of the *Occident*.

Dr. Baldwin showed in a very graphic way the un-American character of this discrimination against one nation. It was an utter change in the policy and principle of the Republic from the time of its independent establishment. The country had thrown its gates wide open to all the nations of the earth, and heartily invited them to come in and enjoy its freedom and prosperity. China had once laboriously built a wall around herself to keep foreign nations out, but had in later years thrown it down, while our nation had stretched a wall across the Golden Gate on the western coast. Dr. Baldwin met the familiar arguments that the Chinamen were brought here as slaves or coolies, that they were depressing the wages of laboring men, that they were depraved in character, and that they drained the country of money to carry it back to China, with forcible opposing facts and testimonies of intelligent men upon the Pacific coast. He dwelt, especially, upon the frightful and murderous abuses, inspired in a measure by our national legislation against the Chinese, to which this people have been exposed; the lack of adequate defense and of the proper punishment of their brutal foes, themselves, in most instances, unnaturalized foreigners. Dr. Baldwin evidently carried with him in his argument the sympathies of his audience, who heartily applauded the strong points which he constantly made.

It was rather a difficult position for one to assume to take the other side of the question before an audience of such unmistakable sentiments. It must be said to the credit of the advocate for the Pacific, that, under somewhat irritating circumstances, he preserved his temper, and treated the opposite argument and its advocates with respect, but earnestly, as well as temperately, urged the reasons for the action which California had taken in reference to the Chinese. He had, himself, been pleased, at first, to welcome them into this country; but he had become convinced, by the logic of stern facts, that their unrestricted immigration was a serious peril, and he was in hearty sympathy with the preventive measures which had been taken. He contended that the opposition to the Orientals did not come from "sand lot" orators chiefly, but that there was nearly a unanimity of sentiment among all thoughtful men on the Pacific coast, ministers and laymen.

The dangers he urged, however, did not seem so serious, as he described them, as did his estimate of them before he began to mention them in detail. He had noticed, first, that they crowded out of place the washer-men, being neater, prompter and cheaper. Then they began to crowd

aside house servants, being handier, quieter, better-tempered, and serving for a smaller price. Then they began to be obtained for mechanical and agricultural work. This was creating a painful condition of things. Many men and women were thrown out of employment. It was found difficult for their young men to obtain positions. For the reason that this cheaper help could be obtained, men of capital began to take up large tracts of land for cultivation, and thus a kind of rural aristocracy was created. Most serious of all was the fact that the noted Chinese companies were arranging to import these new and cheap workers in hordes, and to supply them in troops, on demand, to railroad contractors and manufacturers; that a thousand came at a time in the great Pacific steamers; that new lines were proposed to meet this increasing immigration; and that a land overflowing with its millions of pagans was behind them.

Now these sober facts, with the additional terrors which a lively imagination could easily give to them, were calculated to awaken no little anxiety. But there is much to be said on the other hand. While such a sudden inflow of unskilled labor could produce immediate disturbance among wage-receiving laborers, and some serious hardships in the vicinity of the port into which this emigration was pouring, there are two or three other facts to be considered. The first is, that the high price of house labor, of outside day labor, and of mechanical labor in the Pacific States has been a serious impediment to their advancement. There has been a necessity for wholesome competition in this direction, for the adequate development of the resources of the country. There has been no lack of demand for labor. If the city and vicinity of San Francisco is well supplied, there are immense wastes of country awaiting the combination of capital and labor, which can only be developed by the employment of a cheap form of manual service.

Another fact is the well-known characteristic of the Chinese. They are not inclined to cut down wages. They are sharp and bright at bargains, and very soon discover the market price of their toil and their skill. This temporary and local inconvenience arising from rapid immigration has been felt as seriously on the Eastern as on the Western shore of the continent. The hundreds of thousands of unskilled laborers who have poured into New York and Boston produced the same effects here. They have crowded out our young men and our working women. They fill our factories and our homes; they are becoming our merchants; they are buying up our New England farms. The result is, our people turn to other employments and to other portions of the country. It is this fact which has sent New England all over the West, and given a sturdy population to the Pacific coast. This immigration from Europe has caused temporary and local embarrassment and suffering, but it has tended to the more rapid and wholesome development of the whole country. There can be no question that a higher Providence is in it, and it is folly to attempt to change a divine policy. Our wisdom is properly to control and train it, so as to enjoy its blessings and to avoid its curses.

That leads us to say, that this whole question of immigration is becoming one of national importance. There are fully as many perils connected with the incoming of the crowds on this side of the land as the other. It is the unchristian discrimination against one nation and people; the savage treatment which they are permitted to receive at the hands of the low and vicious classes in our cities; their lack of the protection of law when quietly engaged in their honest employments; the special and opprobrious legislation of Congress in reference to them—it is this against which the Christian men and women, on this side of the Republic, protest. They believe it to be a shame and an occasion of humiliation for us in the eyes of the nations, and that it places us in a dishonorable relation to a foreign country which has regarded with singular faithfulness its treaty covenants with us.

A proper and wise control of this Oriental emigration, secured in harmony with the government of China, which is heartily opposed to the removal of its citizens from its own dominion, might have relieved all serious anxieties in reference to the incoming of "uncounted millions," while the temporary and local embarrassments in the labor field would soon adjust themselves, with little personal suffering.

The report of the annual meeting, with the officers for the ensuing year, of the N. E. Methodist Historical Society, held on Monday, Jan. 18, will appear next week.

**METHODIST REVIEW.**  
The pale face of Bishop Wiley, calm, sedate, sorrow-seathed, and determined, greets us as we open the January number. The sketch of his life which follows reads like a romance. Dr. Kelley wields a pen comparable to a limner's pencil or a magician's wand. It is a tribute to his former co-laborer in educational work is an outflow from the heart, and not a cold, formal portraiture. This article is reading of the most healthful kind to the myriads of young men and women of the church. This brilliant writer might easily expand this paper into an attractive book for the twice ten thousand Methodist Sunday-school libraries in our country. It would multiply moral heroes for our future conflicts.

"Lives of good men all remind us  
We make our lives sublime,"

Dr. Strong, one of the American Committee for revising the Bible, sets ajar the long-closed door of the famous Jerusalem Room in Westminster Abbey, and lets us see just how the work of revision was done, the three times revised verse by verse, the criticisms, discussions and votes. The American Committee, subordinate to the English, went through the same process with the work done by the British scholars. Dr. Strong cites the most noted changes in the Old Testament, and, in some instances, suggests improved readings. It is a most gratifying fact and full of assurance to the believer that all the changes put together do not in the slightest degree undermine a single element of the Christian faith. The Bible is all the stronger for this minute sifting. Dr. Strong does not think it likely that the Revised O.T. Testament will supersede the authorized version. The whole question of the final adoption is before the jury of the English-speaking world. We ought to be satisfied with their verdict.

A native of Japan, J. K. Uchimura, of Amherst College, discusses the "Spirit of Japan," describing three marked Japanese traits which are advantageous to the introduction of Christianity—filial piety, loyalty to higher authorities, and love for inferiors. He gives thrilling and sublime historic illustrations of each of these natural virtues, which, we think, are a little idealized, from the fact that they are several centuries old and are frequently dramatized in Japanese theatres. Yet these virtues are linked with shocking crimes. Filial love must prove its genuineness by the assassination of the slayer of the parent; and Hara-kiri (suicide by cutting open the abdomen) is extenuated, or rather transformed, into a heroic self-sacrifice prompted by a lofty conception of duty and a keen sense of honor. The greatest stumbling-block in the Bible to a Japanese is in the Scripture which declares that a man shall "leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife." This passage is the key to woman's elevation by the Bible, or rather the pedestal on which she stands on an equality with man in all truly Christian lauds.

The article on "Constitutional Law in the Methodist Episcopal Church," a second paper, by Rev. Joseph Pullman, is a long and able argument against the constitutionality of that recent enactment of the General Conference by which Annual Conferences are permitted, by a two-thirds vote, to locate a member on the ground of unacceptability. It is alleged that this overrides the fifth restrictive rule, which secures to every traveling preacher a trial by a committee with a right of appeal. The opinions of eminent jurists, Judges Cooley and Reynolds, are cited for or against the new law in the Discipline. There will probably be a big debate on it in the next General Conference. Meanwhile let all the preachers, by putting in their best work for the churches, keep themselves far from the charge of unacceptability.

Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" finds a formidable critic in D. M. Ross, a writer in the *Monthly Interpreter*. After commending Prof. Drummond as a very suggestive writer, one of the most fascinating religious teachers of the latter half of the nineteenth century, he shows the fallacies which mar the argument by which natural law itself, not its analogue, is carried up into the spiritual realm. He shows that the author ignores the immense gulf between merely living beings and self-conscious beings, also the chasm between free moral agents and beings destitute of freedom. He admits, but practically sets aside, the distinction between a Christian striving against heredity and environment to realize an ideal, and a bird unconsciously conformed to its type by an external power. The attempt to demonstrate that regeneration is the blossom borne by the stem of biological science according to the dictum that every living being springs from

a living being, breaks down, for it would prove that regenerate parents propagate regenerate children. We need not go out of the nursery to refute this error. In many of his arguments, especially on immortality, Prof. Drummond sails dangerously near materialism. The present age is not in need of any such Christian navigators. Agnosticism affords an abundant supply. Eternal life is not the fruit of natural law, but the gift of God through His Son, whose resurrection is our all-sufficient proof of the fact. This proof must be perpetually exalted and magnified. The real value of this book is in its freshening of the theological air with natural facts and illustrations.

The editor furnishes a comprehensive survey of "Religious Thought in Britain During the Nineteenth Century." Though the book is highly readable and instructive, it is entirely one-sided, leaning very strongly towards rationalism, modern liberalism and skepticism. It ignores the grand evangelical movements of our century, sweeping on like the Amazon, and notes only the insignificant counter-currents and eddies of the mighty stream. The editor warns the readers of this book that "unless it shall be read with watchful discrimination, it will be sure to mislead."

A large number of current topics, American and foreign, are briefly discussed in the *Editorial Miscellany*, while the "Temperance Cadet" is more extensively reviewed. The *Bible Notices* are very concise and discriminating, and some of them by no means gratifying to the authors. Now is the time to subscribe to this excellent *Review*, unsurpassed in circulation and influence by any in the world. While the *Princeton Review*, in order to extend its subscription list, drops its theology—a significant hint of the decay of Calvinism—let the *Methodist Review* give prominence to a minia doctrines and demonstrate their vitality and harmony with human progress by multiplying its readers.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Last Sabbath was a memorable day in Grace M. E. Church, Haverhill, Mass. The church edifice is a large, very neat and comfortable structure, built within a few years. Its indebtedness had, heretofore, been reduced to \$7,000. Some of the members, particularly those who abundant liberality has been already amply taxed in bringing the indebtedness to its moderate dimensions, have desired to clear off every incumbrance and make it, in very deed, "the Lord's house." The devoted and much-esteemed pastor, Rev. C. J. Fowler, entered very earnestly into the work, and, after every member of the church and congregation to secure pledges of aid. Last Sunday afternoon the joyful work was consummated. After impressive devotional exercises, the pledges were called for, and the whole sum, lacking \$28, was at once subscribed; but upon the securing of this amount turned the value of the whole; no subscriptions were good until the whole amount was raised. It was but a few moments after this statement was made before the whole sum required was reached, and the house of God was delivered from bondage. Never was there a happier people. Rev. O. S. Cole, of the Methodist Church in Lowell, offered a prayer of thanksgiving, and a glad hymn was sung. The local paper says, "As they [the members] walked from the portals of the church, conscious that it was free from every indebtedness, they were indeed a happy crowd." We heartily congratulate them in this self-denying but blessed work. The present will be known hereafter as the debt-paying era.

Our old friend, Orange Judt, seems to be doing the best work of his life on his new paper, the *Prairie Farmer*, published in Chicago, Illinois, and advertised fully in another column of our paper. He has been writing a series of articles upon the question, "Who Shall Go West?" which are to be continued. These are eminently practical, and answer, in the clearest and most satisfactory manner, questions that are daily asked in many New England homes. Mr. Judt suggests the possibility and advantage of selling out the small, painfully cultivated farm at the East, and the purchase with the money received of twice as many of the rich acres of the West. He points out the localities where these can be obtained, and shows how, without serious embarrassment, with a small capital, the foundation of a comfortable home and a growing fortune, in the midst of churches, schools, and good society, can be secured. It would be well worth the small cost to send for these papers containing these excellent editorial suggestions, and certainly it would prove an excellent investment of \$1.50 to forward a subscription for his paper for a year. The household department, under the experienced hand of a member of Mr. Judt's family, is admirable, and very helpful, especially for young housekeepers. We rejoice with our old friend in his recovered health and renewed good fortunes, and trust that his later days may prove to be his best and most useful.

One of the most interesting departments of the Y. M. C. A. is the intercollegiate. It was organized in 1877 at an international convention of the Association; twenty-five students from twenty-one colleges being present. There are now 157 branch societies in colleges, and 33 in normal and other schools. It is calculated that there are 165,000 young men in academic institutions; less than half of the students in our colleges are professing Christians. It is at once seen how important a field is here for cultivation, and what a solemn interest it gives to the approaching day of prayer for colleges. The secretary of the College Association, Mr. L. D. Wishard, whose office is at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York, corner 23d Street and 4th Ave., has prepared an interesting circular, setting forth the nature and scope of this work among our college students. Copies can be obtained by those having charge of the services on the day of prayer (the last Thursday in January) by addressing him. Many of the statistics which have been gathered are full of encouragement.

The Prison Association of New York has issued in print the report of a special committee of the society upon "Convict Labor." They hold, properly, that all the discipline, educational, industrial and penal, of a prison should tend, as far as possible, to the reformation of the criminal. They think that contract labor falls to do. They recommend the manufacture, in prisons, of the necessary supplies for the institutions of the State, and that, where this is insufficient, the inmates of prisons should be provided with labor paid for on the piece-price plan. This is one of the important and critical questions of the hour. It will be up for discussion in our Legislature the present session. This suggestive tract can be obtained by addressing Wm. F. Round, secretary, 65 Bible House, New York City.

We have received a copy of the address delivered by Rev. Atticus G. Haygood, D. D., LL. D., at the dedication of Morris-Brown College, Atlanta, Ga. This institution has

been established by the colored brethren of the African Methodist Episcopal Church; Bishop J. A. Shorter being its president. It is well situated at Atlanta. Only a wing is completed, costing about \$20,000. This amount has been almost entirely raised among the colored men themselves. The address of Dr. Haygood is hearty, appreciative, fraternal, hopeful, and eloquent. He closes with the noble sentiment, "I would rather be the founder of a true Christian college than to have for a monument the tallest pyramid in Egypt."

A Young Woman's Collegiate Christian Association has been organized, with eighty branches and two thousand young ladies enrolled upon their records. Mr. J. E. K. Studt, the noted Cambridge lecturer, who was converted, with others, under the labors of Mr. Moody, has been engaged to visit our institutions and hold religious services with the students. Another devoted colleague has been engaged during the year in a tour of visitation and in holding evangelical meetings. The field is a large one, and one of no ordinary importance. There is a wonderful and wide significance in a revival of religion in our colleges. These young men and women are the *élite* of the land, and, if consecrated, the ends of the earth will feel the influence of their lives and labors.

The National Divorce Reform League held its annual meeting in Boston a week since, Bishop Paddock presiding. Its old officers were re-elected, with the addition of E. H. Bennett, LL. D., to the executive committee. The report of the able and indefatigable secretary, Rev. Samuel W. Dike, offered many items of encouragement, in the awakened interest of the country in the question in social science efforts by influential members to secure legislation in its behalf in Congress, and in the proffered sympathy and aid of leading men in different States. New facts are constantly developed, showing how seriously, in the loose treatment of the marriage covenant, the sanctity of the family relation is threatened. Rev. Mr. Dike has been busy throughout the year with pen and voice, in periodicals, newspapers and tracts, and in attendance upon conferences where the various branches of social science have been discussed, presenting thoughtful and convincing papers. His work is a self-sacrificing and a noble one. No one, except he felt himself divinely commissioned, would endure the burdens of his office, with the meagre provision made for his support, and even this has been obliged to gather largely by his own efforts. He will, by and by, find his highest reward in the successful results of his work and in the grateful recognition of his labors by his fellow-citizens. Meanwhile the secretary must live. No better investment of money can be suggested than to send a contribution for this purpose to W. G. Benedict, esq., treasurer of the League, 132 Federal St., Boston.

## Personal and Miscellaneous.

No reader will be discouraged by the length of the article by Dr. Steele, on the second page of this issue, if he reads but a sentence or two. He will be sure to go through the whole, and will be powerfully stirred by it.

A note from a friend in Madison, N. J., announces this generous and most useful gift: "At the morning chapel service of Drew Theological Seminary, Jan. 15, Rev. J. H. Knowles, the pastor of the Methodist church in Madison, presented the students with copies of William Arthur's 'Tongue of Fire.' This generous act called forth an immediate and unanimous vote of thanks to the devoted pastor for his kindly interest in his young brethren of the ministry."

We publish with sincere sympathy the following announcement:—"Died, at Copper Hill, Ct., Jan. 13, Almira S., wife of Rev. J. H. Gaylord, aged 39 years." Bro. Gaylord writes in a note announcing this painful incident:—"I am supplying at Copper Hill, a quiet charge in N. Y. East Conference. I still retain my connection with Vermont Conference, and have been doing part service for several years in the N. E. Conference, the one I first joined."

Dr. Twombly's article will be a revelation and an inspiration to some of our readers in this vicinity, who have feared that the church was losing rather than gaining, in later years, in this city. His project for a laymen's conference, to consider the call an opportunity for Christian work, we trust will meet with wide and cordial response. We shall refer to this in an editorial next week.

Dr. C. C. McCabe writes:—"A gentleman doubted his contribution for missions in one of my meetings lately, and gave \$400 instead of \$200. He remarked to me after reading Dr. Butler's new book, 'From Boston to Bareilly and Back.' This is an excellent hint for pastors. There is a severe and stirring missionary sermon in that book. Every pastor should read it and help circulate it among the laity. It will help bring the million."

A fresh history of the rise and progress of the antislavery sentiment in the State of Maine and in the nation, written by Rev. Austin Wiley, will be published next month in Portland, Me., by Brown Thurston and Hoyt, Fogg & Donham. It will make a volume of over 500 duodecimo pages, and will be illustrated with nineteen portraits of prominent men in the antislavery movement. Some of our leading professional men who have read the work in manuscript, speak of it in the warmest terms.

We heartily congratulate our friends for half a century, Richard L. Pease, esq., and his estimable wife, Mrs. Mary West Pease, upon having reached so happily, and in such comfortable health, their golden domestic era. They received their many friends, bearing the best wishes and sincere prayers for even happier days to come, on the evening of January 18, at their home in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard. It would have been very grateful, in a milder season, to have visited the scenes of our well-remembered school days, more than fifty years ago.

*Harper's Weekly* has reached its 29th volume, and the *Bazar* for lady readers the 18th. As bound in their usual very neat ornamented covers, they make two attractive volumes. They never were conducted with greater ability, or illustrated with more beauty or vividness of caricature, fineness of portraiture, or realistic reproduction of current events, the volumes on the tables of our free libraries afford a perennial enjoyment to youthful readers, while the *Weekly* gives an admirable record of political events, with able comments upon them.

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The managers of the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents, having in charge the New York City House of Refuge, make their sixty-first annual report, showing that the society is still faithfully continuing its reformatory work among the periled boys and girls of that city. Since the opening of the House in 1824, they have had 22,156 inmates of both sexes. Probably about 80 per cent. of them have become good men and women. Mr. Israel C. Jones, doubtless the most accomplished superintendent of such institutions in the country, is still at the head of the Refuge. The Roman Catholic leaders have commenced their annual attack upon the House and their slogan of the New York Association, showing that the society is still faithfully continuing its reformatory work among the periled boys and girls of that city. Since the opening of the House in 1824, they have had 22,156 inmates of both sexes. Probably about 80 per cent. of them have become good men and women. Mr. Israel C. 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# The Family.

NOROMBEGA.

BY REV. W. W. MARSH.

Hear the story of old Norombega—  
Norombega, that nestled so fair  
In the valley of broad-waved Penobscot,  
Asleep in its warm, spicy air.  
The wide forest unbroken about it—  
Wide forests of fir and of pine—  
Green vistas of twilight and silence,  
While the city, in splendor divine,  
Told its seasons, by harvest and vintage,  
But never saw summer decline.

O wondrous the tales that they tell us  
Of mansions of marble and gold,  
Who looked on it first in its beauty—  
"Arambee," they called it of old.  
They knew not what strong hand had piled  
It, or chiseled its columns so rare;  
They gazed on it faint with its glory;  
They faltered in telling its story—  
This glimpse as of heaven laid bare.

But it stood where the silver Kenduskeag  
Came strolling from the peaks of balm,  
Lifting up its white temples and turrets,  
Thro' mists and mists and mists of palm.  
The soft air which stirred in its thickets  
And rustled the palms as they went,  
Were heavy with breath of the spices,  
And sweet as the health which they lent.

And children, with glad, shining faces,  
Purple-vested and starry with gems,  
Tossed rubies and sapphires with laughter,  
Unheeding the mantles trailed after,  
With diamonds and pearls at their heads,  
Cool halls, high uplifted, on pillars  
Of crystal as clear as the day,  
Stretched far and dim through their arches,  
With fountains that flashed in their play;  
And banners of costly damasks,  
Were waiting on dikes of gold;  
And they knew not a want or a sorrow,  
In this wondrous Arambée of old.

O bright as a vision of Eden  
It stood in its glitter of gold,  
And the tale of its mystical beauty  
Crossed the sea to cities grown old;  
And stirred a strange longing and wonder  
In the old world's blood and brain—  
A wild and passionate yearning  
To pass its blissful portals again.

And voyagers, weary with warping  
With months of the storm and the gale,  
And eyes that were wistfully watching,  
Came slowly past headland and vale,  
With battered hulls, weathered and shaken,  
And rents of the storm in their sail.  
There were stalwart, ruddy-faced Britons;  
And smart cheeks from sunny Canities;  
Bronzed, hot-blooded sailors in vessels  
With Normandy's helm at their keel;  
And broad bills from many-diked Holland,  
Brought stately forms burnished in steel.  
Here and there a stranger found it;  
Here and there a voyager found it;  
The end of their weary quest—  
And a century's hopes and failures  
Went over the city's crest.

But alas! for the temples elysian;  
Alas! for the mansions of light;  
The lush and sin-cloaked vision,  
Which looked on this home of delight,  
Was blind to the source of its splendor,  
And saw but its gems and its gold;  
They saw not the mystical, tender,  
Glad life of all holy surrender,  
And of love that its spirit controlled.  
The towers grew faint in their shining,  
To the eyes of the sinful and stained;  
The spice-groves vanished, and slowly  
It faded from the eyes of the unloving;  
No gleam of its glory remained.

Gone! gone! to its beauty; yet lingering  
In the faith of world-weary men,  
Who heard, thro' the toll and the waiting:  
"The pure eye shall see it again."  
A gray monk came over the billow,  
With the tale of the sea on his cheek,  
And his hot, eager soul all a-hunger,  
Its gladness and glory to seek;  
But no glimpse of its sunlit turrets,  
No breath of its spices and balm,  
Ever gave to the hungry-souled seeker  
A taste of its measureless calm.  
The silver Kenduskeag came sailing  
Under copes and cliffs of the west,  
And the mighty Penobscot swept seaward,  
With the leaves of the wood on its breast;  
But the whisper of pines was above it,  
And the hemlocks were dark up the glen;  
The wilds stretched into distance, unbroken;  
Men's tongues left the old name unspoken—  
Norombega had vanished from men.

O legend of sweetness and sadness!  
O tale of the conflict of years!  
We are mourning a vanished city,  
And groping with unspoken fears;  
We have lost it thro' grossness of spirit,  
And eyes that are blinded of sin;  
No gateway we find for our knocking,  
No mansions to welcome us in.  
The forest is a lone noise can measure,  
The forest a spirit may know,  
To wander, with sad eyes unseeing,  
Barred out from our heaven below.

But a faith in the city vanished,  
Holds steady the olden light yet;  
And softly, between the gray twilight,  
When our low sun shall have set,  
Its golden domes and its turrets,  
Shall rise to the eyes of men,  
And the strong love of God shall make certain  
That pure souls shall greet it again.

## THE AFRICAN MISSION.

Cause of its Failure.

BY REV. J. G. FINGERER.

It is generally conceded, I think, that the African mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church has entirely failed to meet the reasonable expectation of its friends. That the facts in the case may be properly understood, it will be necessary to go back to the beginning, tracing carefully cause and effect, which will, as we proceed, explain the mystery of our failure in that work, not generally understood by the church.

The colony, as is well known, was organized in 1820. As to the motives which led the originators of the colonization scheme to establish this colony, we may not certainly know. People judged differently from different standpoints. Some believed the chief motive to be that of pure benevolence to the colonists, placing them where they might enjoy their freedom without molestation; others believed that whatever might be their motives, it would prove a powerful evangelizing agency for the redemption of Africa; while very many fully believed that the chief motive was to Africa.

\*Of the Wisconsin Conference, formerly missionary to Africa.

based on selfishness on the part of slave-holders to get the free colored people out of their way, and such liberated slaves as they might not care to retain. But whatever were their motives, the colony was established, and continued its existence for a time under the direction of the Colonization Society.

Emigrations were quite frequent till about 1840. The colonists were of three classes, the largest of which was composed principally of liberated slaves entirely unfit to labor or to care for themselves; and when under the influence of acclimating fever they were poorly cared for by others, suffering intensely, and in a short time mostly died. As late as 1842, when the writer was stationed at Monrovia, it was almost heart-rending to hear the pitiful wail of those poor creatures who came to our mission begging for bread. One poor woman said to me one day as we gave her food, "Oh, how I wish I was back in America! My master gave me enough to eat, and told me what to do, but here I am, have nothing to eat, my children sick, and I do not know what to do," or words to that effect; but death soon came to their relief, and their earthly troubles ceased forever.

The second class was composed of persons in more comfortable circumstances—not wealthy, nor of much influence; still if they could have had suitable attention when sick, comfortable food and shelter, and the right kind of work when recovered from the fever, not so large a proportion of them would have died so soon.

The third class of which the colony was composed, I will explain in its proper place. Special attention must be given to it, for upon this class hangs the entire destiny, for weal or woe, of the African Mission.

The authorities of the Methodist Episcopal Church resolved to organize a mission in Liberia, which had now been twelve years in existence as a colony. Bro. Melville B. Cox was appointed, and arrived at Monrovia, March 7, 1833, and at once commenced his work. His first business was to organize a branch of the Methodist Episcopal Church; but he found almost insurmountable difficulties in the way, and labored night and day to overcome them. When he thought the way was clear, he appointed a Conference, but ascertaining he would fail, adjourned it, and continued the canvass. The professors of religion in the colony were mostly Methodists, or had been members of the different branches in the States, and some of them were preachers to their own people, and claimed the right to perform all the functions of their office. But more than this; many had strong objections to placing themselves again under the white man's rule, and in some cases under the very same church authority from which they had become free in emigrating to Liberia. Meanwhile the canvass went on, and for a time it was thought almost impossible to organize, but by continued exertion, he, feeling sure of success, called a Conference and organized a branch of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Liberia.

Bro. Cox now commenced laying his plans of conquest among the heathen, and to supply the wants of the colony as well. He had his eye and heart on the redemption of Africa, which was the predominant and ultimate object of his mission. But in the midst of his usefulness, sanguine hopes, and almost superhuman achievements, he was stricken down with acclimating fever, and on the 26th of June, 1833, died in great peace, saying, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

The death of this devoted missionary aroused the missionary spirit at home, and the battle-cry of the sainted hero was echoed from valley to hill-top all over our beloved Zion: "Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up!" During eight years some missionaries were appointed to that fatal, though interesting field, who returned with broken-down health, while others passed over the river. I will mention a Cox, a Wright and his amiable and devoted companion, a Stocker, a Barton, and a Burton, all of whom went home in glorious triumph.

Rev. S. Chase and the writer were appointed to that mission, arriving at Monrovia in March, 1842. I will now take a survey of the outlook of the mission at that time. A general feeling of discouragement was felt by the church at home, in view of the death of so many workers, of the little success among the native people, and the colonial difficulties; and all began to feel that it was no help to the cause of missions to die there, and began to agitate the subject of appointing none but colored men to that work. Still there had been many hopeful signs of progress during the previous years, and it was regarded in many respects as the golden period of the mission. Frequent explorations were made by the missionaries to distant tribes, and almost everywhere they found them anxiously inquiring after the "God Pahner" of which they had heard. The natives had been hunted, robbed, scattered and peeled by the slave trade, by commerce, and in another way of which I shall soon speak, and were almost dying of the want of sympathy, kindness, and for help such as their "greengrasses" could not give. Some of the most powerful tribes at a distance from the coast were anxious to have the Gospel carried to them. One illustration to this point must suffice. In 1842, on hearing a rap at our mission house door, we opened it, and King Ballasadar of the Goula tribe, with his "head men" together with his interpreter, stood before us. The king addressed us through his interpreter, asking us to come and carry the Gospel to him, and set up schools among his people, with the assurance that he would help us to many things, only we must not interfere with his government.

The missionaries, up to this time, had the good-will of the native tribes in the country with few exceptions, and possessed the key to unlock the doors of heathenism far into the interior, with but little outlay of capital. And oh, if this open door could then have been entered, who can estimate the glorious results! That whole region of country, far into the interior, would have been won for Christ. This is no wild phantasy of a disordered brain; every indication of that early period goes to show that during those forty-five years a grand, extensive, educated and Christian civilization would have blossomed there, and a great state, rich in resources, boundless in its influence and glorious in its achievements, would have taken the place of the various forms of heathenism now cursing that whole country.

Here the inquiry very properly arises, Why did not the mission go on conquering and to conquer, if there was such an open door? I answer plainly, the colony wounded the mission, and the republic destroyed it. I know this is a grave charge, one that has never been made before by any one to my knowledge, yet I believe it is emphatically true. It may not be willful murder, only manslaughter, but it is death nevertheless. Many of our church have known for a long time that the mission was virtually dead, but exactly when, or by what means it came to its death, is not quite so apparent.

In speaking of the three classes of colonists, I left the third class to be explained in its proper place; that place is here and now, which, in fact, is the gist of this entire article. This third class, though, perhaps, the smallest of the three, was composed principally of free colored men, possessing more or less of wealth, education and influence, consisting of military officers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, mechanics, and ministers. They had been raised in the Southern States, where they had known full well the aristocracy and power of the slave-holders, had witnessed the authority and influence exercised by the ruling class over the inferior race, and now, on going to Liberia and becoming the lords of the land, they carried with them all that aristocracy of feeling, all that spirit of caste, and all that love of power and authority over inferior classes with which they had been so familiar in the States. They were, in fact, the ruling class, possessing nearly all of the education and influence to be found among the colonists. Their treatment of the native people, though decidedly bad from the beginning, was just what we should naturally expect from those in authority, having no far-seeing views of correct policy, and cherishing the feelings they did towards their inferiors. Such treatment on the part of the colonists, though not intended, had a very unfavorable influence over the native mind, and operated powerfully against the real object of the establishment of the mission, viz., the salvation of the heathen. The utter want of sympathy, kindness and good-will towards these needy ones made a wound which was impossible for the heroic and self-sacrificing missionaries to heal. Thus we see the general outlook from actual observation in 1842.

## THE OLD HOUSE ON THE STREET.

It used to be so quiet,  
It looked so pretty and green;  
The lark's hymned high in its clear blue sky,  
With thrushes' notes between.  
And from its doors and windows  
Life's morning-songs were heard,  
As pure as lilacs' sweetest,  
As blithe as any bird.

Can those be the self-same windows,  
And that full street our green lane, where  
Once walked— that will walk no more?  
And that old grape-vine, struggling  
To put forth long-tended leaves,  
Did I once, once gather its clusters  
Beneath our happy eaves?

O poor old house of my childhood!  
O strange, ghost-haunted way!  
Here street by street the tall mansions meet,  
But the bell-towers, white with May,  
The scene of the August evening,  
The nightingale's soft June song,  
Gone—gone! All are dead and departed,  
Like the days when we were young.

Yet by the old house I linger,  
And my heart grows faint and weak;  
The carriage road like a sea without shore,  
And the railway engines shriek;  
And I'm tired, tired of the world's noise,  
With the life-long silence below:  
And I almost wish I had followed  
The way all the rest did go.

And I would I had tears, but they come not,  
The smooth smiles come instead.  
Oh, the careless words that cut like swords!  
Oh, the stones we get for bread!  
So I take up the old, old burden;  
Long carrying, makes it sweet;  
And silently, my journey  
To the House where all paths meet.

—AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALLIFAX," IN CONGREGATIONALIST.

## BLACKSMITH LUDLOW; OR, WHAT THE HAMMER SAID.

BY MISS FANNY D. BURGESS.

One summer, when we wanted a quiet vacation in the country, we established ourselves in a great airy building a few miles distant from one of the tiny villages which nestle among the New England hills. The house we took had been a busy workshop in more prosperous days, but the manufacturing had not succeeded, and at last the large building was quite deserted and only opened now and then in the summer when some family of Bohemian tastes, like ourselves, chose to rent it for a camping-out sojourn. In full view of our front windows was the neatest, prettiest little shop, on whose front gate-end was fastened a sign bearing the words: "J. Ludlow, Blacksmith."

Maybe you don't think a blacksmith shop could look pretty. Well, then, you are mistaken, for this small, shape, by building of stone-grey tint, with brown trimmings about corners and windows, with plenty of vines trained up the sides, and here and there creeping up along the roof, really made a very pretty picture against its background of sweet-fennel and woodland of pine and birch.

A drive from the road led up to the large, brown door of the shop, but for a long time I never saw the door open or the smoke rising from the red chimney.

From the neat-looking cottage near by, I now and then saw walk out a powerfully-built man whose tottering gait and dull pallor, however, plainly told that he was in ill-health.

One day as I started for a tramp, I saw him carefully directing his steps towards the shop, so I turned up the sandy path, now thickly dotted with brilliant blue-curls and rabbit-foot clover, and managed to meet the man near the door of the smithy.

"Good-morning!"  
"Good-morning, ma'am!"  
And he stopped, leaning heavily on his ash staff.

"You are the former smith, I think?"

"Yass, I built this," nodding pathetically toward the shop, "with my own hands; I had a good trade; fact is, I had more'n I'd 'tend to, but I hadn't ben able to do nothin' for most a year now." "It's kin' o' hard on me."

"You have been sick, then?"  
"Yass, after my house there wuz done—I built my shop my self—I painted it, 'n by'n-by, seein', the eavespouts leaked, I jest thought I'd draw the leaky places with some thick paint that wuz left from paintin' the house; 't wuz thick lead, 'n wuz dried up till 't wuz wick ez putty. W'al, he hev no well, 'n use rain-water, 'n they ketch in hogsids set 't the corners 't the house, 'n I s'pose I got lead-pozoned, by spring the lead paint wuz about all gone from the spouts. I'd put it on in the fall, 'n w'd ben drinkin' rain water 'n melted snow all winter. 'T nary time, I had a stroke, 'n wuz mighty sick all spring, 'n I'm still only jest able to crawl about."

"But you are getting better now?"  
"O yass—I'm gainin', 'n hope to swing my hammer agin afore long, but 't's pretty tough, pretty tough! You see, I git so plaguey restless. Can't do nothin', 'n thet's what I can't git used to."

"Do you care to read? I have some stories we brought for summer reading which I should be glad to lend to you."  
"I like to read the papers, tho' 't wuz a long time I couldn't hold 'em, but now I kin use my fingers enough fer that. But ez fer stories, I don't keer fer 'em. I jest feel they're all lies any way. I don't see no good in hearin' 'em; never could see why folks keered for such yarns. But ez you've got some papers, I like to hear all thet's goin' on in the world."

The summer days went on, and day by day I hoped I saw this old worker walk with more ease and strength, and now and then the shop door stood open the greater part of the day, and I saw the owner's steps tended that way as he took his constitutional. One day we had a bit of stove-pipe to cut, and one of the men was awkwardly enough trying to chop it apart with a dull axe, when Mr. Ludlow called over in a wailing, stentorian voice—

"Jest bring that over to my anvil, 'n you can make a better job."

The pipe was quickly trimmed by aid of the proper tools, and as—  
"Come over when you have anything like this to do, I'd like to hev you. It does me good to hear the hammerin' once more. I'd like to be hammerin' all day!"

Sometimes, as I walked up into the pine wood behind the little shop, I peeped in at the door, now so often open, and found all within as orderly and trim as a new yacht, but spiders had attached their webs to bellows and forge, and deep dust lay upon the silent anvil.

A little later, and I now and then saw the smith busy dusting a window, or cleaning away the cobwebs with his cane, or rearranging the horse-shoes hanging in rows upon the wall.

At last, one warm day in early autumn, as I sat sewing under a tree, I suddenly heard a few feeble strokes of the hammer on the long-nosed anvil ringing out "Kling, kling, kling!"

Brave and clear, though far from strong! It made the tears start, I am not ashamed to say. "Eager to work"—"Work is best!" "Eager to work"—"Work is best!" I heard those taps of the hammer, lifted with great effort, say, and I thought of the working spirit struggling in the long-suffering and paralyzed body of the old smith, and wished, more than I can tell you, that that healthy boy and girl of this generation could be filled through and through with such desire to work.

Oh, how I wish I could carry all of you to whom I speak of under the maple tree where I sat when I heard the short but very eloquent sermon preached by the attempted strokes of that half-helpless man! You would hear and heed, I do believe.

Don't be lazy. Don't be aimless. Don't shirk the useful work, whatever it may be mind the text and sermon of the hammer. "Work is best!" "Eager to work!"

I used to tell the invalid blacksmith that I felt sure he would recover health and strength, because he was so full of hope and grit. I could but feel that such a spirit of industry would finally be allowed to act in useful work. If you are only ready and willing to work, and happy in working, I believe you will reach and every one find something to do exactly fitted to your capacity and strength. "Eager to work!" "Work is best!"

—BETTY'S QUEER GIFT.

A careless nail—it must have been the nail which was careless—had torn Bert's coat, but Aunt Marion had just finished the bit of delicate darning that made the jagged rent invisible. She was shaking out the garment to hang it away, when something dropped from one of the pockets and fell on the carpet at her feet. She picked it up—a little brown leafy roll—sniffed its odor disdainfully, and resisting her first inclination to toss it into the grate, slowly laid it on the table beside her.

"Well, that is just what I have suspected for some time," she said. "Poor Bert! I suppose he thinks himself on the sure road to manliness now."

The words were spoken only to herself, however; she said nothing to any one else about it, though she sat for a few minutes with a very thoughtful look upon her face, and then she took up her work. When she hung the coat away to her work, Bert missed anything from his pocket, he made no inquiries. He was thankful that Aunt Marion made none, and as he did not, he soon forgot the trifling affair in what he considered more important matters. Chief among these was his birthday, which came a few days later, and it was a very bright face which greeted the parcels that lay beside his plate at breakfast.

"But what is this?" he asked with a puzzled look as, in among the books, telescope and half a dozen other things that he wanted, he discovered a neat little box holding only a short steel chain.

"That? Why, that is a wrist chain," answered Aunt Marion, with great earnestness, as if the question were a surprising one. "Is it the right size, I wonder? I'll go to guess at that." She came around to his side, and lifting the chain, slipped a steel ring attached to it over his little finger; then, drawing the ends of the chain down, she fastened them around his wrist. "Fits exactly, doesn't it?" she said enthusiastically. "Yes, but—," Bert hesitated. From her manner he fancied that it was something he ought to know all about and appreciate very highly, but he really could not see its value. "What is it for, Aunt Marion?"

"Why, to wear on your wrist. Don't you see?" replied his aunt, giving it another twist and settling it to her satisfaction. "Some new fashion that I haven't heard about, I suppose," muttered Bert to himself, looking doubtfully at his new adornment as he carried his treasures up to his room. "Women have a fancy for every new-fangled notion, so I presume auntie thinks this is something very nice; but I declare I don't see the sense of it. He appreciated it still less as he went about his morning work. It caught, and really expected him to wear it agreeably. "Not very convenient," he ventured to suggest to Aunt Marion. But that lady only answered placidly.

"Oh, I don't think you will mind that very much when you get accustomed to it." So she really expected him to wear the troublesome thing and get used to it! He was pondering the subject when his friend Ralph came in to see the new telescope.

"Hello! what are you wearing that dog-collar for?" he questioned curiously, as Bert displayed his hand in arranging the glass.

"It's a new thing. Didn't you ever see one before?" asked Bert, coloring a little.

"Lots of them—on the necks of canines," declared Ralph with unceremonious frankness; "but I don't see what you want to wear one on your arm for."

"Well, the fact is, I don't," confessed Bert, "but I don't know exactly what to do about it. You see, it is one of my birthday gifts—some new-fashioned arrangement that has taken auntie's fancy."

It was a fashion of which Ralph had never heard, and he said so. His visit and comments left Bert still less pleased with the odd gift he had received. At last he decided to talk it over with Aunt Marion.

"You see, I'm ever so much obliged to you, auntie, but I don't know just what to do with the thing," he explained. "What is the good of wearing it?"

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## The Little Folks.

THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK.

[From the German of Leander by M.]

There was once a woman who had an only daughter. This daughter was very small and pale, and, indeed, otherwise unlike most children. When, therefore, her mother went out with her, people often stopped and looked at the child, meanwhile whispering with one another. If the little girl asked her mother why people looked at her so strangely, the woman always replied: "Because you have such a pretty new dress on." Then the little girl was satisfied. But when they reached home the mother took her little daughter in her arms and kissed her, saying again and again: "My dear, sweet angel! What will become of you when I am gone? No one knows what a dear angel you are; not even your father."

After a while the mother was taken suddenly ill and in a few days died. The father of the little girl, in his despair, threw himself upon the bed and begged to be buried with his wife. His friends, however, pleaded with him and comforted him; so he ceased to mourn, and, after a year, took another wife, fairer, younger and richer than the first, but by no means so good.

The little girl, since her mother died, had sat day after day from morning until night in the house at the window, for there was now no one to go out with her. She had thus become paler, but, during the whole year, she had not grown at all. When her new mother came into the house, she thought: "Now I shall go to walk again, outside the city in the gay sunshine, on the pretty walks where the beautiful plants and flowers grow and so many nicely dressed people are."

She lived in a narrow little lane, into which the sun seldom shone, and where, even if one sat on the window-sill, one could see only a little bit of blue sky as large as a handkerchief. Her new mother went out every day, both forenoon and afternoon, every time putting on a dress far more beautiful than any that her own mother had ever had.







## The Week.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, January 12.

No abatement of the intensely cold weather in the Northwest. Much suffering to snow-bound railroad passengers and others reported. The weather in the Middle and Southern States the coldest known for many years.

Foundering of the British steamer "Hylon Castle" fifteen miles south of Fire Island, N. Y. Landing of part of the crew.

Arrangement, in Clinton, of Dr. E. M. Nelson for complicity with the Lancaster Bank robbery. He is held in \$15,000 bonds.

Much damage done at Montreal and other points by the rising of the St. Lawrence River. Many houses flooded, and great suffering reported.

The island of Samoa seized by Germany. Protest of the American and British consuls against the action of the Germans.

Wednesday, January 13.

Destructive fire in Clinton Street block, this city, a large amount of produce being destroyed. Loss, \$100,000.

Very cold weather in this city yesterday—the mercury registering 10 degrees below zero.

A passenger train derailed near Tilton, N. H. The damage considerable, but no one seriously hurt.

The flour warehouse of Frederick C. Veheer, in Chicago, Ill., destroyed by fire, the property loss aggregating \$250,000.

The schooner "T. B. Witherspoon" wrecked off Nantucket, with the loss of nine lives, the vessel and the cargo.

The story of the sufferings of ten of the shipwrecked crew of the British steamer "Hylon Castle" a terrible one. The captain and nine members of the crew not heard from.

A stage coach bound for Fort Robinson stopped by highwaymen near Daves City, Neb., and robbed of \$5,000, intended for the payment of United States troops.

The snow blockade in Nebraska practically raised. The cold weather of the past three days in Tennessee the most intense ever known. Pears entrained that the orange crop in Florida is substantially ruined.

Property valued at \$30,000 destroyed by fire in the Sessions Block, Worcester, Mass.

A number of villages swept away by flood in the Balkans, and many lives lost.

Revolt of six hundred convicts at Riom, France, who took possession of the prison.

Thursday, January 14.

Dedication of the remodeled concert hall of the New England Conservatory of Music, named in honor of Hon. Jacob Sleeper.

The McIntosh boat factory, the Bay State cement factory, and the residence of C. H. Jackson in West Brookfield, Mass., destroyed by fire, the property loss reaching \$73,000.

The rest of the crew, with the captain, of the "Hylon Castle" picked up adrift by a fishing smack. Their sufferings described as heart-rending.

Destructive storm in Texas—with the whole State covered with snow. Great loss in cattle.

The new rule in regard to the landing of live cattle in the United Kingdom from other countries, rescinded by the English privy council.

Occurrence of a \$500,000 fire in Montreal, hardware, cigar and vinegar establishments being destroyed.

Confirmation of the reports of the seizure of the Samoan Islands by the Germans.

Friday, January 15.

An express train on the New York and Long Branch railroad derailed near Matawan, N. J. No one seriously injured.

Emigrant rates from New York to Chicago reduced from \$8 to \$7 under the pooling arrangements.

Failure of the Bank of Jersey, Channel Islands. The firm of Robin & Co., the largest fish merchants in the world, involved.

The afterthought of a vessel, with the skeletons of two men strapped thereon, washed ashore at Vineyard Haven—supposed to be a part of the "City of Columbus," lost two years ago.

A French prefect assassinated in a railway carriage while on his way from Paris to Evreux, and his body thrown from the train while in motion.

The Prussian Diet opened by Emperor William in person.

A decree signed by the President of France granting amnesty to persons convicted of political offenses since 1870.

Saturday, January 16.

Arrival at Fortress Monroe of the ship "Undaunted," which was abandoned by a tugboat off the Jersey coast on the 8th inst.

Total amount realized by the sale of pictures belonging to the widow of the late ex-Gov. Morgan of New York, \$81,165.

Occurrence of a riot between the strikers at Maxwell's box factory, Chicago, and a number of new employees on their way to work.

John Magee, who attempted to obtain money from the Prince of Wales by means of threatening death, sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

A succession of severe earthquake shocks recently felt in Guatemala.

Monday, January 18.

Death of Rev. Henry N. Hudson, the well-known Shakespearean student, in Cambridge, Mass.

Twenty-four persons frozen to death in Kansas during the recent cold weather.

Nothing yet heard from the overdue "City of Nassau," and the vessel supposed to have been lost, with all on board.

Thirteen lives lost by an explosion in a coal mine in Wyoming Territory.

Sudden death, from heart disease, of Miss Katherine Bayard, eldest daughter of Secretary of State Bayard, at her father's residence in Washington.

Death in Geneva, Switzerland, of Joseph Milmore of this city, brother and co-worker of the late Martin Milmore, the sculptor.

Ratification of the treaty of peace between France and Madagascar.

The government of Servia declines to disband its forces.

The Austrian Reichsrath summoned to meet on the 28th inst.

Death of Paul Baudry, the French painter.

## CONNECTICUT.

Rev. D. L. Brown, our Norwich district correspondent, has been ill with low nervous fever, but is at present slowly convalescing.

East Thompson.—The young people on this charge determined to have a Christmas tree, and made it a complete success. The first hour was devoted to singing and recitations, after which Santa Claus distributed the gifts with a liberal hand. The pastor's wife was remembered by the gift of a photograph

album from her Sunday-school class—a class of young men she had gathered. A turkey came to the parsonage. The Sabbath-school is prospering under the efficient management of Supt. Rev. O. N. Clark. There is a good attendance at the morning preaching service.

New London.—Christmas was duly celebrated, with two well-laden trees, a supper, and literary and musical exercises, in which the small children took a conspicuous part. On Sunday, Bro. Hawkins preached two appropriate sermons, and the music was of the highest order. This church has been fortunate in securing Mr. Van Kuren, lately from New York, an organist of marked ability, and under his leadership the choir has come to be "one of the best in the city."

The greatest harmony prevails, and all departments of the work go on well. Sunday, Jan. 3, Bro. Hawkins received ten persons by letter, two from probation, and one on probation—this one, the organist, to whom was administered the ordinance of baptism. The whole choir (of twelve persons) are now communicants. The pastor alluded to this fact as an occasion for thanksgiving.

Vernon Depot.—The members and friends of this church had a very pleasant gathering on Christmas Eve. The exercises consisted in a Christmas concert by the children, after which the gifts from two bountifully-laden trees were presented to the little ones. The pastor and family were kindly remembered in this distribution by the gift of a roll of greenbacks of \$37, besides other gifts. Meetings were held every evening of the week of prayer.

Putnam.—Meetings are being held every night. Several probationers and members have been added recently.

The Epworth Hymnal has been introduced for social meetings. An increased spirituality is reported.

Moosup.—Rev. F. A. Crafts, pastor. On the first Sunday in December three were received by letter. Several have joined recently on probation, and others are expected to join soon. The church has been quickened. The Sunday-school is larger than ever before, since this church was erected. Glad Tidings Day was duly celebrated.

Portland.—On Christmas Eve, Bro. Povey and wife were presented with a beautiful (\$26) easy-chair and \$6.25 in cash by the members of the church and congregation.

## VERMONT.

The seminary at Montpelier has the largest enrollment this winter, with a single exception, it has ever had for a corresponding term—it being already 146, and mid-term not yet reached. It will, undoubtedly, run above 150.

President Beeman is still "in the field." He preached an able sermon at Barton Landing a few Sundays ago, and has since secured \$2,000 for the seminary. Endowment Agent Granger, though in poor health, is also doing what he can. He recently secured \$2,600 in one day, which brings the amount pledged to almost \$40,000; so that in a few days he will call for the fourth installment from all subscribers. He has already collected and paid over about \$17,000, which have been permanently invested. Bro. Granger's characteristic carefulness manifests itself in the accuracy with which he keeps all his accounts. He keeps a duplicate book at home, including every transaction, so that if the books he carries with him should get lost, it would not embarrass the work; and everything is so plain that should Bro. Granger fail to complete the work (which may God forbid!), another man could take it up where he left it, without any serious interruption. It would be a profound satisfaction to Brother Granger to complete the work before Conference. Who will contribute the last \$10,000, and make him and all the friends of the school happy?

We are sorry to learn that Bro. C. P. Flinders, of Danville, is in feeble health. His many friends will earnestly pray for his early recovery. Bro. H. T. Jones' health is not improving. May grace richly abound! Sister Wright, wife of Bro. W. H. Wright, of South Londonderry, was thought to be dying a few days ago with heart disease, but she is now convalescent, in which all their friends will rejoice.

A C. L. S. C. was organized at Craftsbury last week, with Bro. A. B. Blake as chairman of the executive committee.

The good work continues at South Royalton and West Fairlee. Several have recently given their hearts to God at both places.

Bro. J. Enright, of Stowe, assisted Bro. S. C. Vail, of Wolcott, in a very profitable watch-night service at the latter place; and at Watsfield Bro. O. D. Clapp was assisted by the presiding elder in a similar service. The revival spirit continues.

Bro. G. W. A. Clark, of St. Albans, conducted an interesting quarterly meeting at Georgia last Sunday, where Bro. A. W. Ford is most acceptably supplying the work.

A gracious revival interest is apparent at Groton, where several have recently commenced the Christian life. Bro. C. H. Farnsworth is giving direction to the work in connection with the pastor of the Baptist Church.

A healthy, progressive work has been going forward at Randolph for several months. The pastor, Bro. L. O. Sherburn, reported ten conversions at the quarterly meeting held last Sunday.

Bro. W. S. Jenne, of Albany, was agreeably surprised a few days ago by the presentation of an easy-chair by friends in his parish; and the same thing happened to Bro. A. Scribner at Newport Centre Christmas Eve.

Bros. A. J. Hough, of White River Junction, and A. H. Webb, of Woodstock, have been assisting Bro. T. P. Frost of Montpelier in revival services, and several have sought the Lord. Bro.

Frost received six persons into the church last Sunday.

The friends of Bro. S. S. Brigham, of Hardwick, made them a visit recently, and gave them a real donation in cash and other supplies.

Extra meetings are in progress at Moretown, where Bro. E. H. Bartlett is assisted by Bros. O. D. Clapp, of Watsfield, and W. A. Evans, of Middlesex.

The next preachers' meeting for Montpelier district is to be held at Middlesex, Feb. 1-3; and the one for St. Albans district at Highgate, Feb. 15-17.

A successful missionary convention was held at Bradford last week. Bro. R. L. Bruce succeeded, as a reward of much persistence, in getting Chaplain McCabe for a day; and then, to make the most of the occasion for the cause, he invited everybody from far and near to the feast. A dozen or fifteen ministers were present, and many laymen from adjoining churches, so that the church was well filled both afternoon and evening. The afternoon was given to ten-minute addresses by several of the ministers, with singing and remarks by the Chaplain. In the evening the enthusiastic secretary thrilled all hearts in an able address on taking the world for Christ. The prospect is very favorable that Vermont will reach the "million-dollar line" in her collections for missions this year. This convention was an inspiration, and many thanks are due Bro. Bruce and his people for the pleasant and profitable occasion. The ladies of the congregation furnished free refreshments to all strangers in the ample vestries of the church.

H. A. S.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Gleanings.—Bro. French was presented with an Elgin watch by his people at Methuen on Christmas, and Mrs. French a Turkish rug.

Bro. Avann is alive on all the great questions that a pastor should handle. Temperance being one of the issues of the day, he speaks on it in no uncertain way. In the meeting of the Manchester Reform Club on a recent Sunday evening, he spoke, and said that he would be ready at any and at all times to discuss the temperance question from its many standpoints, from the platform, with a rumseller, owner of buildings where rum was sold, or any one in any way connected with the liquor traffic, and to that end issued a challenge to all such to discuss ten vital questions.

The many friends of Rev. A. C. Manson will be sorry to hear of his death, which took place in Suncook, Jan. 2, 1886. Bro. Manson, after serving many years in the ministry of the M. E. Church, took a supernumerary relation last spring in the New England Conference, and returned to Suncook, where in other years he had spent a successful pastorate of three years. God blessing him with a precious revival, in which many souls were converted. His life and work endeared him to the hearts of the people, so that when he took a supernumerary relation, it was his desire to spend his remaining days among his many friends in Suncook. A few weeks ago he purchased the old Kimball place on Main Street, and was making repairs on the house (with the intention of moving in about the new year), when he took a severe cold which developed into pneumonia, ending in his death. On the last Sabbath of the old year, 1885, he gave his last testimony in public to the power of Christ to keep him during the fifty-three years of his Christian life, and enlarging on the text used by the pastor in the morning, he earnestly exhorted sinners to come to Christ. Sister Manson has moved into the house prepared for her by her husband. She has the sympathy of the whole community, and the earnest prayers of the church, and is held in high esteem by all as the sharer of the joys, and sorrows, and earnest labors of her husband during the years of his successful ministry. An obituary will appear in due time.

## RHODE ISLAND.

Harris Avenue Methodist Church, Providence, is enjoying a revival. Mrs. H. D. Walker is assisting the pastor, Rev. E. F. Jones. Some sixty have asked prayers. Eighteen were received on probation, Sunday, Jan. 10.

Rev. A. B. Kendig delivered his lecture on "That Husband of Mine," in Music Hall, Providence, Monday evening, Jan. 11. Notwithstanding the extremely cold weather, there was a large audience. The lecture was very well received. He is to deliver a course of four lectures.

Miss Dr. Beilly, well known in connection with medical missions in North India, returned this fall after a three years' absence in England.

At the recent semi-centennial celebration in Persia, about eight hundred Nestorian women were present, and in response to a request that all among them who could read should rise, fully three-fourths of them rose to their feet. Fifty years ago the language of the people had not been reduced to writing. Since then the whole Bible in Syriac has been made accessible to the people.

Miss Narcissa White, of Pennsylvania, national organizer of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, is meeting with success in Washington Territory. It is expected that through her efforts the Scientific Temperance Educational bill will be adopted, and a local option law.

Rev. Dr. Shaw, pastor of the Park Church at Rochester, N. Y., preached his forty-fifth anniversary sermon, Nov. 29. As a memorial of the event, a \$10,000 organ is to be built in the church immediately, thus gratifying one of the desires of Dr. Shaw's life.

The Ohio Wesleyan University closed a successful term's work, Dec. 22. Over six hundred students have been in attendance during the term. The elegant

ladies' home at Monnett Hall has been full; more than 125 lady students occupying its rooms. There has been a good religious spirit throughout the term, and a goodly number have professed faith in Christ. The new term began Jan. 6.

BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS QUICKLY CURED BY A POTENT REMEDY.—The peculiar character of the present winter has resulted in causing thousands to expose themselves and thus take cold. Bronchial affections thrive and coughs are the order of the day.

The natural question of the person affected is, what shall I take to cure my cough? The potent cure is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm, which for fifteen years has stood the test.

Coughs take flight before it and the incipient stages of consumption yield to its power. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm is the result of deep research by a practical chemist, who after years of study found a specific for all bronchial affections.

This medicine is manufactured by the firm of Frank W. Kinsman & Co., No. 343 Fourth Avenue, New York City, who were formerly located in Augusta, Me. Thousands of testimonials are in the possession of Messrs. Kinsman & Co., relative to the manifold cures effected by Adamson's Cough Balm, and the firm of Kinsman & Co. advertise a standing reward of \$5,000 to any person who can prove that any testimonial received by them is not bona fide.

Among those who have been benefited by this excellent specific may be mentioned Hon. James Gillespie Blaine.

A FINE CHIME FOR A FINE CHURCH.—A large chime of bells is being made at the Clinton H. Menely bell foundry for St. Stephen's Church, Lynn, Mass. This church is in charge of the Rev. F. L. Norton, D. D., formerly rector of St. John's Church in this city. St. Stephen's church edifice, which is very handsome, cost nearly \$200,000, and was the personal gift of the Hon. E. R. Mudge, in whose memory the chime is to be furnished.

Messrs. N. W. Ayer & Sons of Philadelphia send us a very useful calendar for office use. The figures are large and easy to be seen from any part of the room, and it is really the most desirable calendar we have seen. It is too expensive to send free of charge, hence all who desire it, can have it by sending 25 cents to pay expense of case, postage, etc.

## Church Register.

HOLINESS CALENDAR.

Holiness Convention, in M. E. Church, Bethlehem, N. H., Jan. 26-29.

Portland Dis. Min. Assn., at Chestnut St. Church, Portland, Feb. 15-17.

Augusta Dis. Min. Assn., at Fairfield, Me., Feb. 15-17.

Eastern Con. Min. Assn., at No. Grosvenor, Me., Feb. 15-17.

Holiness Meeting, in Wesleyan Hall, at 2 p. m., every Monday.

No. 30 Worcester St., every Monday evening.

CONFERENCE PLACE, TIME, BISHOP.

N. E. Southern, Brockton, Mass., April 15, Andrews.

New England, New York, Mass., 15, Warren.

Troy, N. Y., 22, Merrill.

New Hampshire, Keene, N. H., 22, Warren.

Vermont, Chelsea, Vt., 22, Hurd.

Maine, Bridgton, Me., 29, Warren.

East Maine, Winterport, Me., May 6, Warren.

PROVIDENCE DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION, at Trinity Church, Providence, Feb. 2-5.

M. J. Talbot.

THE ROCKLAND DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION will hold its next meeting in Thomaston, Feb. 15-17.

Monday evening, sermon by I. H. W. Wharf, alternate, J. H. Hale.

Tuesday evening, Missionary meeting; speakers, C. L. Mills, J. E. Clifford, C. A. Plummer.

Tuesday, 9 a. m., Organization.

ESSAYS, etc.: How may our Social Meetings be Made More Interesting and Profitable to the Unconverted? Clifford, Thompson, Grosvenor. Should an Entire Sabbath be Devoted to Each of the Seven of the Causes? If not, to what Special Ones? Tyler, Briggs, Baker; Ought our Ministers to Preach on the Social Topics of the Day? Mills, S. H. Hale, Jackson; Wherein might the People More Fully Engage in the Public Service? L. H. Hanson, Rogers, Galsani; Conference Statistics, Wharf; The Modern Camp-meeting, Hale and Abner, Munroe, Bennett, Crosby; The Minister as a Citizen, L. H. Hanson, Chadwick, Bekmore; Would Four Days' Meetings, where Two or More Churches Unite, be Profitable in These Days? Brown, Child, Eldridge; How can we Secure Greater Personal Effort Among Church Members? Stanton, Ogier, Perry; Ought our Preachers to Urge Infant Baptism? Thompson; The Importance of the Order of the Class-meeting, and How it should be Conducted, Dutton, Chase, Stippen; Should Bishop Taylor be Paid out of the Missionary Treasury, or out of the Sunday Fund and call same amount as the other Bishops? C. A. Plummer, J. H. Hale.

EXERCISES: 1 p. m., 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

Will all the brethren who expect to attend this meeting please send in advance?

L. L. HANCOCK, Secy.

C. L. MILLS, Com.

S. L. HANCOCK, Com.

PENOBSCOT VALLEY MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.—The next session will be held in Oldtown, Feb. 15-17. Programme next week.

W. F. M. S.—The next meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of Dover district will be held in the M. E. Church of Dover on Thursday, Feb. 11, beginning at 11 a. m. The young ladies of Dover will give a reception in the evening.

Who will send their names to Mrs. J. M. Darrell previous to Feb. 6 will be cordially received to our homes for entertainment.

IRVING C. DURELL, Dist. Secy.

NOTICE.—The pastor at Bow, N. H., has fixed the date of "Holiness Convention," Feb. 2 to 5, inclusive. Bro. G. A. McLaughlin will conduct the exercises, beginning promptly at 9 a. m., 2 and 6.30 p. m. Bro. J. G. Hill, of Boston; Deacon Moore, of Putnam, Conn.; and other brethren of the N. H. Conference, no less faithful, are expected. Entertainment, and transportation from Haverhill nearest station, furnished upon application to A. S. Orne, Hooksett, N. H. Let all come with heart prayer for the presence and power of God everywhere.

A. S. O.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

SPRINGFIELD (Vt.) DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.

JAN. West Fairlee, 23, 24; West Bradford, 30, p. m.; Bradford & Fairlee, 30, 31.

FEB. Union Village, 5, eve; Bondville, 18, 20 p. m.; South Londonderry, 18, p. m.; Hartland, 8, 20 p. m.; Landgrove, 20, 10 a. m., 21.

BROOKFIELD, 3, a. m.; West, 18, eve, 21; Mechanville, 18, C. 26, eve; Jacksonville, 18, 10 a. m.; Wilmington, 18, 10 a. m.; Woodstock, 26, 21; Putney, 27, 10 a. m., 28; White River Junction, 27, eve, 28, 22 p. m.

MARCH. South Reading, 6, 7; Athens, C. 26, 2 p. m.; Barnard & E. R. 18, 14; Woodstock, 26, 21; Putney, 27, 10 a. m., 28; White River Junction, 27, eve, 28, 22 p. m.

APRIL. Springville, 4, 4; South Royalton, 17, eve, 18; Perkinsville, 18, 11; South Tisbury, 18, p. m.; Windsor & A. 17, 10 a. m.

Pastors will provide for the Sunday service where the P. E. is not to be present, assuming a preaching service in connection with the quarterly conference, wherever practicable, and see that all reports and nominations are ready for quarterly conference action. Let us close the work of the year with a leave it in the best condition possible for our successors.

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A Model Florida Town.

Is Bellevue, Marion County, Florida, a success? A lot of love letters offered there good? Are the managers reliable? These questions have been asked so often, that after careful investigations, here are the answers by well-known men who have been in Bellevue, investigated and invested.

Gov. J. L. CHAMBERLAIN, of Maine, writes: "Bellevue is a model town, and an assured success; the statements in the Co.'s circular are reliable."

Rev. L. H. HALLOCK, of Portland, Maine, writes, "I have visited and invested in Bellevue. I am delighted with the climate, character and prospects of the place. Mr. J. H. Foss, 51 Brookline Avenue, Boston, Mass., the manager, is an honorable man; the investments offered by him are first-class."

Prof. G. G. BUSBY, Ph. D., from Boston, now of Bellevue, writes, "I have lived in France, Italy, and in most of the noted health resorts, but give the preference to Bellevue. I have invested in the stocks, lands, and in a house."

Rev. I. D. STEWART, of Dover, N. H., writes, "I visited Bellevue last April. For healthfulness of climate and good social, moral and religious influences, I pronounce it a success; its growth has been rapid. I bought some land there, and recommend my friends to do the same."